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HENRI,

OR THE LITTLE SAVOYARD IN PARIS.

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Henri

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HENRI;

OR,

THE LITTLE SAVOYARD IN PARIS.

A TRANSLATION,

By MRS. LIZZIE P. LEWIS.

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BY LIZZIE P. LEWIS.

TO THE BOYS OF

D. S. EVERSON'S SCHOOL,

WITH THE HOPE THAT IN ALL PERILS, GREAT OR SMALL
WHICH BESET THEIR BOYHOOD, THEY MAY
SHOW THE SAME COURAGE AND
FORTITUDE AS DID
OUR HERO.

A363

CHAPTER FIRST.

"In Thee have I put my trust."

Chapter I.

"OPEN the window, Henri, my son," said a faint voice, "I long for a breath of fresh air."

"But, dear grandmother, the wind blows icy cold from the Montanvert."

The old woman laughed softly, and raised herself slightly in bed.

"You need not be afraid, my boy; my end is near, and nothing will now either harm or hurt me. Open the window, and let me once more see the bright sunshine. And you should rejoice with me, Henri, for I could never be more than a burden to you."

"Grandmother, dearest grandmother, do not talk so;" and kneeling by the bed, he took her wrinkled hand lovingly in his own. "You know how dearly I love you and how thankful I should be to see you well once more."

"Softly, my child!" said the grandmother, gazing tenderly into the frank, pleasant face before her. "I do not wish to grieve you, who have given me such faithful care this long year passed. No! no! I love you above all earthly things, and I pray God may reward you for your faithfulness and devotion; and I know He will hear my prayer. But my body is old and worn out, and I long for the rest of that blessed sleep which He gives His beloved. Do not weep so and embitter my last hours after having been the joy and comfort of my old age."

"But I love you, grandmother, and when you are gone, I shall be so alone!"

"No, never alone, for your heavenly Father is always with you. Be true and good and honest as you have always been, and the blessing of a faithful God will not be wanting. Now go and open the window."

Henri obeyed. Coldly, but refreshingly the pure mountain air floated in through the open window. "How delicious!" said the old woman, with a smile of satisfaction. "Draw the ivy aside that I may once again look upon the beauty of my native valley. How richly our God has adorned our earth! See, my son, how Mt. Blanc sparkles in the sunlight; and how lovely the green meadows look against the

snow-fields above them, and yonder the little brook foaming and rushing over its rocky bed; —and if it is so beautiful here, what must it be in the Paradise of our Lord! Now come to me, Henri, that my last look may rest on your dear face. Give me your hand and promise me to keep God's laws before your eyes and in your heart all your life long. Will you promise me?"

"Yes, dear grandmother, I will indeed!" replied Henri, with a firm voice and a full heart. "I never can forget your teachings."

"I hope not! I hope not! And now I am ready to go, for I know you will try to hold fast to the promise made to your dying grandmother."

"Not dying! do not leave me!" implored the sobbing boy.

"I must! I must!" murmured the aged woman as she sank back weak and exhausted on her pillows. "God bless you! God guard ——" The words died upon her lips, her eyes closed and her breathing was so faint that Henri thought her already dead, and he burst forth into loud weeping, and seizing the cold hands, covered them with tears and kisses.

But suddenly, with marvelous strength the dying woman raised herself in bed. "My boy, a cloud hangs over the valley. Fly for

your life! destruction is close at hand. May God protect you, child!"

Wondering, half frightened, yet joyful, Henri gazed at his grandmother. A hope of her recovery sprang up in his breast, only to be dispelled the next moment, for with one last look of love, she breathed once or twice and then her head sank upon the pillow never to be raised again in life.

Now, indeed, poor Henri stood alone. No loving heart beat for him; in the whole wide world there was no faithful breast upon which he could lean. Father and mother had died long years before, and now his only remaining relative had left him to enter into everlasting life. Stunned and bewildered by the blow, he sat by the bed-side, the tears flowing unheeded over his pale cheeks. His sorrow made him forgetful of his grandmother's warning. For an hour he sat absorbed in his sad thoughts, alternately weeping, praying and complaining. But at last the thought came to him, of the necessity of telling some one of his loss. He went to the window to close the shutters, when a distant roar sounded in his ear; the sunlight vanished, a thick darkness seemed to overspread the valley, while nearer and nearer came the crash and thunder of the fearful storm.

"Oh, God! That is an avalanche," cried the terrified boy. "That must have been what grandmother meant when she said that ruin was near. Lord have mercy upon me!"

Still louder grew the tumult; heaven and earth seemed rent asunder, the house trembled as a leaf in a gust of wind, and then—all was over.

Several hours passed before Henri returned to consciousness. When he opened his eyes all was dark about him. "Can it be that I am saved?" he ejaculated; "it seems a miracle." He began to grope around to discover if possible his situation. He soon made out that the greater part of the roof had fallen in, and that the ruins were buried under a mass of snow. Raising himself on his hands and knees, he crept about till he found the bed on which his dead grandmother lay.

"If I am to die too, we can be buried together," said Henri, kissing the stiffened hand. He felt neither fear or anxiety, but calmly stretched himself on the floor by the bed-side, and thought of the friend he had lost. "Good grandmother! truly clearer vision must be given to the dying than to the living. However, the warning was useless, since I did not understand it, so here I must remain unless some of the villagers remember me"

Musing thus he lay quite still, until he fell asleep. He slumbered as quietly and sweetly as if he had never known danger, until a noise overhead aroused him. He leant on his elbow and listened.

"Then I am not forgotten," thought he. "I felt sure God would not forsake me, for grandmother said He helped those in distress."

The sounds over his head grew more distinct each moment, and he could soon distinguish the voices of the speakers and even the words. He heard his pastor's voice, saying, "This is the way, my friends, these timbers show through the snow. Perhaps God will permit us the happiness of finding life under these ruins."

"Yes, dear pastor, God has kept me safe and sound," shouted Henri.

A shout of joy burst upon the prisoner's ear.

"Courage, good friends! that was Henri's voice, the brave lad. Thank God for blessing our labors!"

With renewed zeal the laborers worked on. Spades and shovels threw the snow hastily to one side, and in a short time the light of day streamed in upon the buried boy, and he was in the arms of his deliverers.

"Thanks, kind neighbors! I felt certain

you would come to my rescue if you could, and so waited without fear."

"But your grandmother, Henri, did the shock of the avalanche kill her?"

"No, sir; for God had already taken her, and I was just about starting to tell you when the avalanche buried me and the house in a twinkling."

"Poor boy!" said the good pastor, sympathisingly, "it is hard to lose everything at one stroke—mother, home and all your little property. But God, who bereaves, can also bless, and he will not forsake you, if you walk in His ways."

"Yes, so my dear grandmother said only a few moments before she died," replied Henri. "I have no fear, and no anxiety, only I am sorely grieved."

The pastor gazed wonderingly at the lad. "Have you thought at all, Henri, of your future? Do you realize that not only your cottage is destroyed, but that your meadows are so utterly laid waste, that they will probably never again yield a harvest?"

"Yes, sir; I know quite well that I am penniless, but that will not hurt me. God is rich, and I am His child. I thought over all I could do as I lay yonder in the dark, should I ever again be free."

"And what was it, my lad?"

"Well, sir, I thought you would allow me to remain with you until grandmother is buried, and then I will go to Paris, where my father lived when he was a boy, and where he earned money enough to come back and buy land and build a house in his native place. I will work diligently in Paris, until I have saved money enough to do the same."

"But you are very young yet to attempt to earn your bread quite alone. You will find it harder than you think."

"Doubtless, nevertheless, it must be done," replied Henri, with simplicity. "I would gladly have waited a couple of years longer, but it is not possible now. There is no way of earning money in Chamounix, for me at least, and even if you offered to take me in your house and care for me, I could not go; for I know you are far from rich, and what you have to spare ought to be given to those who are weaker and more helpless than I am. You know me well, sir, and that I could not take what ought to be anothers."

"But I should not do it alone: all the villagers would gladly aid you in your misfortune."

"But they are poorer than you, sir. All the mothers send their children among stran-

gers to earn their bread, and could I take from them that which belongs of right to their own flesh and blood? No, sir! You would think meanly of me if I did."

"Who taught you all these things?" inquired the pastor, in amazement at the good sense and feeling shown by the peasant boy.

"No one, sir; unless it was God who put them into my heart. Anyhow, they are right."

"Indeed they are, Henri, but, all the same, you have not strength or ability to provide entirely for yourself."

"When my strength fails, God's strength is to be had for the asking. I trust in Him, and I am sure He will never forsake me."

"Well, my son, your faith in God is very great, and I do not think it will be unrewarded. Now come home with me, and stay as long as you wish."

"Thank you, sir, but I must stay here till my grandmother is brought out of the ruins."

The pastor gave a nod to the peasants, who had been attentive listeners to the foregoing conversation, and they began their work again. In a short half hour the snow and broken timbers had been so pushed away, as to render it quite easy to reach the bed upon which the silent form was stretched. The sight of the

still, white face, which from his earliest recollection had smiled so tenderly upon him, and the bitter consciousness that it would never do so again, overcame Henri's courage, and he broke forth into loud lamentations. The pastor motioned to the bystanders to let the poor lad's sorrow have vent, and a deep silence reigned in the little group. All eyes rested pityingly upon the bereaved boy; all hearts throbbed with sympathy in his distress.

Just at that moment a travelling carriage drove by on the high road, which was close to the cottage. At sight of the ruined cottage, and the little group about it, the coachman drew up his horses, and a stately-looking gentleman descended and approached the pastor. "You have had an accident," he said, inquiringly. "Ah, I see! an avalanche. Was the woman killed by it?"

"No, sir; she died just before the storm burst," replied the pastor, "but the boy kneeling there has been almost miraculously saved." In a few concise words he told of the occurrence, and of Henri's poverty and loneliness. "The poor fellow!" exclaimed a little girl who had followed the gentleman from the carriage, and stood watching Henri with the deepest compassion.

"Father, you will do something for him, will you not?"

"Willingly, my dear Fleurette," answered the gentleman, taking from his pocket a purse which he handed the pastor. "Take this, it will pay for burying the old woman, and perhaps something will be left for the boy. Come, Fleurette, we must go."

"One moment, papa," and the child looked beseechingly at her father, then darted to Henri's side.

"Poor boy! how sad it is to lose everything at once. But stop crying. God is good, and He will comfort you."

Henri looked up, in surprise, at the little girl, whose presence he had not observed in the abandonment of his sorrow.

"Are you an angel sent from heaven to comfort me?" he asked.

"No, I am only Fleurette, but I would gladly comfort you if I could. But papa is waiting. I will think of you often, and here, I will give you this ring for a keepsake, so you will not forget me."

She slipped the ring in Henri's hand, and skipped back to her father, who lifted her into the carriage, shut the door, and with one wave of the hand she was gone.

Henri gazed after her like one in a dream.

"She was certainly an angel," he said, breathing deeply, as the carriage drove out of sight. "She was so lovely, with her blue eyes and golden hair."

"No, Henri, not an angel, but a good, tender-hearted child. And her father is a good man; see what he gave me for you, a purse full of gold."

"How kind!" exclaimed the boy. "Now, sir, you see my confidence in God was not misplaced: He helped me before I even asked. Ah! the lovely little girl; I can never forget her."

"That is right; cherish a grateful heart towards all who show you kindness," said the pastor. "And now, my friends, carry this bed into the nearest house. Come, Henri, though God has placed a heavy burden upon you in your youth, He will, I hope, teach you to carry, not drag it, so that it may prove a blessing and not a hindrance."

The peasants lifted the bed reverentially, upon which the quiet sleeper lay, Henri and the pastor following. The boy wept, but his tears were gentle tears, and in the sadness of his heart he found sweet consolation in the love and sympathy which he met on every side. Alone as he was in the world, he was not faint-hearted, for his faith in the love of God gave him courage and confidence for all the future.

CHAPTER SECOND.

"Pleasant words are sweet as a honey comb."

Chapter II.

FOR a week after his grandmother's funeral, Henri lingered under the pastor's hospitable roof, before he again mentioned his resolution of going to Paris in search of his fortune. When, however, he did speak of the project, the pastor made no further objections, but offered him the money remaining after the funeral expenses were paid, saying, "You must be careful, Henri, and this will last some time."

"Yes, but I do not need the money, and it will be better in your keeping than in mine. But there is one favor I must ask, will you see that my dear grandmother's grave is always kept fresh and in order?"

"How do you expect to reach Paris, Henri, without money? It is a long distance, and you may not always find those who will give you food and shelter without pay."

"The Lord who clothes the lilies and feeds the ravens will not allow me to suffer want," said Henri, confidently. "Besides, I have my little Marmot, whose tricks I can show and she will aid me."

"But what do you propose doing after you reach Paris?"

"I have a recipe from which my father made the most beautiful ink—he made his fortune from that and I mean to do the same."

"But there must be many people already in Paris who make ink, and possibly no one will want yours."

"That I shall soon find out, and if selling ink wont do, I must try something else. God will show me what."

"And in His name I bid you God speed. The blessing of the Lord is sure to wait upon a good, diligent lad, and I shall pray daily that your confidence in Him may ever be as firm as now," said the good pastor, with emotion.

The day succeeding this conversation Henri left the parsonage, his Marmot on his shoulder and his Alpenstock in his hand. On his way out of the village he stepped aside into the little churchyard, and, kneeling by the new-made grave, prayed with a full heart for God's guidance and blessing. Then breaking a tiny

flower growing near, he placed it in a little box with Fleurette's ring, and turned his back upon his childhood's home. His heart swelling with longing and regret, he stopped at the last turn of the road which would hide the roofs and chimneys of Chamounix from his sight. Bravely brushing the tears from his cheeks, he said: "Farewell, father and mother; farewell, dear grandmother, you who rest so quietly in the cool earth. Farewell all friends, who have been so kind to the homeless boy. May God be with you and—with me!"

One last lingering look and Henri had stepped forth into a strange country and among people who were utterly unknown. But what mattered that? He knew One who was always with him, and an upward glance at the blue sky gave him fresh strength and courage.

Patience and perseverance have their reward. Many wearisome days had elapsed before Henri saw in the distance the domes and towers of the city to which he was hastening. A few more hours' travel and he was in the beautiful place gazing with wondering eyes at the countless houses and the swarms of busy people crowding the streets and squares.

Wrapped in his own thoughts he allowed

his blue eyes to wander over the multitude, which, however, neither bewildered or excited him, but only caused a smile of satisfaction to hover over his lips.

"Where so many people find bread sure there must be room enough for a little fellow like me. What a lot of ink must be used in a city like this. And when the people find out how black and liquid mine is, I shall hardly be able to make enough. But I must have a beginning, and how shall I make it?"

Musing thus, he drew from his pocket a small leathern purse, and began to count the contents. "One — two — three — five — ten francs," he said; "how surprised the pastor would be if he knew how little my journey had cost me; though, to be sure, my Marmot has had to dance bravely, and I have sung till my throat was sore. But that is nothing. My voice is clear enough now, and when I go through the streets and call out, *ink, ink, fine black ink!* it will sound well. But I haven't got quite to that yet. And now, what shall I do with my money?"

He leaned his head on his hand and thought awhile.

"That is it!" he exclaimed, half aloud; "first, I must find a little room where I can sleep and manufacture my ink. Then I must

buy gall nuts, vinegar, vitrol, logwood and whatever else the recipe requires; then two firkins, a carrying frame and—well, I don't know exactly what else. Now, how much will all that cost? Two francs—two-and-a-half—four—six—yes, for eight francs I can have all I need, and that will leave me two francs over. In four weeks I will surely be in business, and then I must see how industrious and economical I can be."

With a beaming face Henri rose, put his money in his pocket, and started off. A boy who had been observing him for some time past now approached, and said:

"Good-day, my friend! You are from Savoy, are you not?"

Henri looked at the boy, nodded silently, and walked on.

"Humph! Can't you answer me?" inquired the lad. "Are you too proud to give a civil answer to a friendly question?"

"No; I am not proud," said Henri, smiling. "I am but a poor boy come to Paris to earn my living."

"So I thought; and if you were only good-natured, I should not mind helping you a little, for I was born here, and know the whole city well."

"With God's help, I can manage," replied

Henri. "Somehow, you don't look exactly as if you meant all right with me."

"So that is the thanks I get for my good will. I fancied you might like a cheap lodging, and intended showing you one, but I see you have too high an opinion of yourself, to think any one can be of assistance to you, so good-bye!"

Saying which, the boy turned his back on Henri, and sauntered carelessly away.

But Henri's kind heart suggested that he had perhaps seemed too rough, so he hurried after him, saying:

"Well if you really mean all right with me, I will go with you. I was afraid at first; but no matter, that is over now."

"Then come," replied the fellow, carefully concealing his delight at Henri's credulity behind a short, abrupt manner. "Come on for to-night, but to-morrow you must find other quarters. I am not fond of suspicious people."

"Don't be cross," said Henri, penitently. "You see, when one is all alone in the world, and as young as I am, it is necessary to give heed to what one does."

"All right; I won't be angry any more, so come along."

And seizing Henri by the arm, he drew him into the thickest of the crowd, and then, before Henri could think, he vanished. Poor Henri! He looked around, but all in vain; his com-

panion was nowhere visible. A fearful thought entered Henri's mind. He put his hand in his pocket, but his purse was no longer there.

"The scamp!" exclaimed Henri. "Then I was not wrong in my first opinion of him, and yet I let him cheat me. Why was I so stupid! What shall I do, without money or friends in this great city!"

And, quite unmindful of the noise around him, Henri sat down on a doorstep to turn over in his mind the various methods there might be of getting out of his present difficulty.

"Well, the money is gone, and, with it, all my calculations, on which I had built so many hopes, are destroyed; but if God sees fit, He can show me some way to earn enough to start with again. But first thing to think of is a place to sleep in. I can't sleep on the street, for some policeman might get hold of me. The only way to do, I suppose, is to knock at some door, and ask the good people for a few sous. That might do, but how am I to find out where the good people live. Night may be here before I can find out. Anyhow, I must try."

He arose, looked at the stately houses before him, and his heart failed him.

"They are all too grand here," he mused; "a poor little Savoyard would never get admittance in one of them."

Just at this moment Henri's eye fell on an

old man with a wooden leg, dressed in a shabby uniform, who sat on a stone bench close by, asking alms in a mild voice.

"I have it," thought Henri; "the poor help the poor."

And without delay, he went up to the old soldier.

"Good-afternoon, father," he said; "will you be good enough to give me a word of advice?"

The old man looked sharply at the lad, but Henri's frank, pleasant face seemed to reassure him, for he replied, smilingly:

"Good advice, my son? You might judge that I should be but a poor adviser, else I would not be forced in my old age to beg for my daily food. Still, I will do the best I can. What is it you wish?"

Henri confided to him his misfortune, and told of his perplexity in regard to his night's lodging. The old man listened attentively and sympathizingly.

"You are young, and you look honest," he said, after some reflection. "For to-night you may go home with me, but you must wait till dark. Are you hungry?"

"No," said Henri, delighted with this solution of his difficulty; "I will wait most willingly."

"Then sit here by me."

Henri took the seat indicated, and amused himself for some time in watching the carriages and people constantly passing. Yet the moments passed slowly, so to assist in whiling them away, he began to play with his Marmot. He whistled, and it danced, and it was not long before quite a crowd had collected around them. Henri at first paid but slight attention to the lookers on, but the old soldier had an eye to business.

"Off with your cap," he said, hastily, as Henri stopped whistling, and took the animal on his arm again. "Quickly, before the crowd scatters."

Henri took the hint.

"A trifling gift, if you please; only a few sous for my merry Marmot's supper."

Some of the bystanders shook their heads, but most of them gave a trifle, for which Henri said:

"Now, my pretty Marmot, show your gratitude. Dance again, my beauty."

When this dance was ended quite a shower of coins fell in the old cap. Nor was the old soldier forgotten, whose scarred face and faded uniform proved that he had in earlier years fought for the honor and glory of France.

"I believe, my boy, that we pass for comrades. What would you think of our joining forces, and dividing the profits?"

"That would be very nice, but, sir—"

Henri hesitated.

"Out with it," said the old man.

"I hope you will not be vexed, but it seems to me that begging would not be a good business for very long."

"So that's all. You are quite right! You, who are young and vigorous, ought to do something better, while I, with my age and wooden leg, have no other resource. But suppose you remain with me till you have another ten francs, and then you can go where you please?"

"Thank you; that I will most gladly do."

"Well, since this matter is arranged, let us go home. We have gathered a good harvest to-day."

Henri followed the old man into his narrow quarters, which were far from luxurious, but there was clean straw, and a woollen covering, and in Henri's heart was a song of thanksgiving to his heavenly Father, who had so providentially guided his steps to his kind host.

"I knew He would never forsake those who put their trust in Him," Henri murmured, as he stretched himself on his straw.

In five minutes he was in a slumber so soft and sweet, that it would have been envied by many a rich man in Paris lying on his pillow of down.

CHAPTER THIRD.

"Nothing is hidden which shall not be revealed."

Chapter III.

HENRI was fortunate, and he knew how to make the most of his good fortune. In time he had his ten francs again in his pocket, and one evening he said to his old friend:

"Father Lafort, I am able now to give up begging, and go into my proper business."

"Well, my lad, I am glad, and yet I am sorry. It will be very lonely here now without you, for I suppose you will wish better accommodations."

"No—that is, not if you will keep me. We can still spend our evenings together, and I will henceforth pay half the rent."

"I am truly glad that we are not to part entirely," said Lafort. "But you know there is one drawback these quarters have. The hall door is locked at ten o'clock precisely, and after that no one can get in until morning."

"I promise not to stay out too late, and even if I do, it won't be any great hardship to sleep under the sky for one night now, the weather is so warm."

Henri now lost no time; he bought his materials, prepared his ink and one fine morning began his work. Clear and loud rang his voice through the streets, "*Ink*, ink, raven black ink! cheap! cheap! who'll buy?" and it was not long before he found purchasers. His trade flourished, and Henri felt contented and thankful for the mercies with which God had so visibly crowned him. His heart often turned to his well-remembered home in the sweet vale of Chamounix, to his beloved pastor and the dear graves in the pleasant churchyard. He often longed with inexpressible longings for the hour when his face could be turned towards the beloved spot, but he well knew that before that happy time could come, many suns should rise and set, many drops of the Seine should mingle with the ocean's waves, many years of his life be swallowed up in the irrevocable past. He was unwearied in his industry; very economical, spending nothing except for the bare necessities of life. Every useless indulgence, every trifling pleasure, he steadily put aside, knowing that to be the only possible way of shortening the distance between him and the land of his desires.

It happened one day as he was returning home, after a hard day's work, he saw in the gathering twilight a figure which seemed familiar.

"Where have I ever seen you? Your face doesn't awaken any very agreeable recollections," he murmured. "Who can you be? Ah! I remember—you are the fellow who stole my ten francs. You shan't escape me this time any how."

He followed the thief from one street to another, until they reached a narrow alley, where Henri called upon him to stop.

"What do you want?" said the boy. "I never buy ink."

"I suppose not," said Henri, quietly. "but do you know me?"

"*I* know you? Why, I never saw you in my life. What do you mean?"

"I want the ten francs you stole from me by the French Institute," cried Henri. "I want them and I must have them. You cheated me once, but you'll not find it so easy to get away now," and he took the boy by the collar shaking him vigorously. "Let go of me! What do I know of your ten francs! Let me go, or I will beat you."

"Beat me if you can, but you must give me back my money, or else it will go ill with you."

The fellow made a new effort to free himself from Henri's grasp, but he struggled in vain.

"If you don't hand me my ten francs quickly, I will call the *police*," threatened Henri. A bad conscience made the fellow cowardly, so he threw Henri his purse, saying: "Take it, there's more in it than your beggarly ten francs."

"I want nothing except my own," said Henri, "so you lie still while I count it."

The thief had some knowledge of Henri's superior strength and obeyed the order. When the ten francs had been carefully counted and put in Henri's pocket, he returned the purse to its owner, saying: "Let this serve you as a lesson for the future. The good God knows how to find out the wicked and how to punish them. Now up, and be off!"—a command which was speedily obeyed. "What a fortunate encounter!" thought Henri, "ten francs at one stroke. How father Lafort will laugh when I tell him of my adventure."

He walked along very briskly now, for he perceived it was growing far into the evening, and he had gone a long way out of his way.

"I am afraid Father Lafort will be obliged to wait till to-morrow for my story, but no matter, one can afford to sleep under the stars once in a while for ten francs." Nevertheless, he

quickened his steps, but just as he entered the street in which his lodgings were situated, the clock struck ten and he knew the door was locked.

"Father Lafort will feel anxious I am afraid, yet he will be sure to say I did right not to let the thief slip through my fingers this time. But where can I go to sleep to avoid being taken up as a vagrant by the night watch. Ah! I know." Not far from the place where he was now standing was a large public building used as the tax offices, and in the back court yard were some sheds used for storing wagons and odds and ends. Henri remembered this and decided it would be an excellent place in which to pass the night. There he would be both comfortable and safe, so he went in, put his firkins in a corner, covered himself with some loose straw and in a few minutes was sound asleep. He slept quietly and sweetly, until about midnight, when he was aroused into consciousness by a singular noise. He opened his eyes, listened, but all was quiet. "It was only a rat," he thought, and settled himself again to sleep. But now again what could that be; surely no rat could make such a noise as that. Again he listened, again the same sharp sound as of a file rasping against an iron bar. "What can it be?" demanded Henri of himself, now

quivering with excitement. Could it be workmen? but no, for what would they be doing here in the middle of the night. Just then it flashed through Henri's mind that the safe in which the funds of the tax office were kept, was in a room near the shed, and that these strange noises were probably made by thieves endeavoring to force an entrance.

Fright and excitement put his brain in a tumult, and it was with difficulty that he suppressed a cry of alarm. His sense of hearing being made more acute by his anxiety, he could hear how rapidly the iron bars protecting the window were being worn away by the sharp file. "What shall I do?" thought poor Henri, as he lay cowering under the straw. "They will soon reach the safe and I lie here with no power of preventing them."

Now he heard the falling of bits of broken glass and he knew they were in the window. By this time his mind had become more calm, and he no longer feared discovery. "I wonder if it is right for me to lie here and make no effort to prevent this robbery? No, I must think what I can do." "Yet," he thought, "if I get through the court without discovery, and make an outcry on the street, perhaps there would not be any watchman near, and I would only alarm the thieves, and give them a chance

to escape. So *that* plan won't do. I think I will go and watch the fellows. The window is low and the night is dark that I cannot be seen, and yet, since they must have a light to work by, I can easily see all they do. Any how, it would be cowardly to be afraid in a good cause and God will be my protector." Encouraging himself thus, he crept softly out of the shed. Once outside he looked cautiously about, lest some one should be on guard. But he only perceived a faint glimmer of light through the broken window, so slipping off his shoes he glided towards it, like a shadow. He stood breathlessly, till he summoned courage to look into the room where the thieves were at work. What he saw there so fixed his attention that all fear and timidity were forgotten. The room was small and the safe stood in one corner, and was fastened to the floor. A dark lantern stood in a niche in the wall, whose light made every person and thing in the room distinctly visible. Four strong, rough looking men were busy about the safe, attempting to loosen it from the floor.

"It can't be done," said one of the men. "We must try some other means. Besides what is the use? the chest is too heavy to carry away. We shall be obliged to spring the cover. Come, Pierre, give me the tools."

"But that will make a noise," remonstrated another. "Try it first with chisel and hammer."

"At least be quick, for midnight is passed, and we must be through in less than an hour, for then the watchman will be here on his round," said the first speaker.

"That is true enough," said a third. "To work, Pierre, it would be a shame to lose all this rich booty."

"Try the file first, that makes the least noise," rejoined Pierre.

"Where is it?"

"Oh, I remember I left it outside the window."

Henri jumped back on hearing this, and threw himself down in the darkest corner of the yard. The thief groped around for a moment in the darkness, but not finding the tool he sought, called out, "I can't find it, bring the light."

At these words, all the blood in poor Henri's body seemed to stiffen. Lying, scarcely five steps from the speaker, in the obscurity of the night, he had escaped observation; but with the faintest light he would certainly be discovered. Some seconds of fright and dread, and Henri heard the exclamation, "I have found it!"

Never had any words sounded more sweetly in Henri's ear. The thief sprang through the window and Henri resumed his former position. "God has protected me in an hour of great danger, and I must never doubt again," he murmured.

He could hear the iron grating under the file which cut through the lock like a knife, under Pierre's skillful manipulations; the others watching the progress of the work with breathless interest.

"Here, Brulot, try it awhile; this iron is hard as steel."

"Ah, ha! so one of you is named Brulot," said Henri. "I shall remember that—Brulot and Pierre."

For a while the man worked vigorously, but finally, he said, "There is no use, Jeannot, we *must* use the hammer and chisel. One good, sharp blow, will hurry matters more than an hour of this kind of work."

"Good," murmured Henri. "Brulot and Jeannot; that rhymes well and is easier to remember. Work away, my fine fellows, you little dream somebody is watching you and listening to all you say."

And now, one well directed blow opened the chest. "Well done, Jeannot," cried Pierre, as the shining heaps of gold and silver lay

spread before their eager eyes. "Empty the box and when the cashier comes in the morning, how surprised he will be to find his pretty birds all flown."

"This is a catch worth at least two hundred thousand francs," said Brulot, as he hid the money in his rags.

"But there's all the more danger because of that, for to-morrow all the police will be on the chase, and every one of them know us."

"Nothing truer could be said," rejoined Pierre; and if these pretty fellows are found on us, we are lost."

"Bury them in the cemetery of Pere le Chaise; nobody would ever dream of looking for them there, and when the fuss is over we can divide."

"That's not a bad idea," said Jeannot, "the police would never think of searching such a place; but how do we know that one of ourselves might not pay a visit there on his own account."

"Bah! distrust among ourselves," said Pierre.

"I trust you, exactly as much as you trust me, which is not at all," replied Jeannot.

"Then," said Brulot, "suppose each of us take an oath not to disturb the treasure until all four are present?"

"An oath from such as you is not worth

much," replied Jeannot, surlily; "still we must do something and Brulot's proposition seems most sensible. But remember, if any of you touch the treasure, I'll kill you without mercy. You know me well enough to understand I mean all I say."

They sprang from the window and hurried off, Henri following. "What," thought he, "shall I permit them to put their booty in safe keeping? No, the night is dark, my step is light, and I *must* see where they hide it."

On reaching the cemetery, the men halted near the entrance. "Here is a first-rate spot; light the lantern," said Pierre. Henri crouched behind a grave stone, where, however, he could see all that passed, concealed by the thick bushes growing around the grave.

"We will bury it by this iron cross. It will serve as a mark and be easy to find." A few moments rapid work sufficed to dig a hole and throw in the money. They covered it expeditiously, carefully concealing every trace of their work, and then went off.

Henri breathed deeply. The robbers were gone; they had not seen him, and, waiting till the last sounds of footsteps had entirely died away, he left his hiding place and went to the cross by which the treasure was concealed. By this time his eye had become accustomed to the darkness, and he soon knew the locality

so well, that he felt quite sure of being able to find the spot again, either by day or night.

"Who could have believed all this would follow, from my losing ten francs? There is more than chance in it. How wonderfully God manages things. I suppose He will show me what to do next. I will go back now and sleep until morning, and then I will ask Father Lafort's advice."

He was about to move off, when the idea struck him that the thieves might possibly change their plan and return before morning to carry their booty to some other place. "I must prevent that," he thought, so he went quickly to the porter's lodge and knocked. After a short delay, a head appeared at the window. "What's wanted?" was the inquiry. "I have seen some suspicious looking fellows prowling among the tombs, and I thought I would warn you to have an eye on them."

"Thank you, kindly, my son," was the reply, "I will send out a couple of watchmen instantly."

The window was closed and Henri returned contentedly to his straw. His excitement was so great, however, that a faint light had begun to show in the eastern sky before his eyelids fairly closed. He then slept sweetly, little dreaming of the awakening before him.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

"And I will be a swift witness against those who do unrighteousness."

Chapter IV.

HERE is one of the band now," screamed one of the tax officers, pale with excitement, as he entered the shed where Henri was soundly sleeping. "Get up," cried the man, shaking Henri violently —"get up and tell us what you know of this robbery."

"Well, I know a good deal about it," replied Henri, still half asleep and scarcely conscious of what he was saying.

"He acknowledges the deed! Seize him! Don't let him escape! Off with him to prison!"

"What do you wish to do with me?" said Henri, now fully aroused, as he found himself to be the centre of a group of angry people. "Let me go. It was not I who did it."

"Thieves always say that," observed one of the crowd, "but we shall soon find out about

that in court, as well as who were his accomplices, and where they are to be found."

"But, good people, you are quite deceived," cried Henri, almost beside himself, struggling at the same time to free himself from the throng which pressed so closely around him. "I am not the thief, although I do know all about the robbery. Is it likely I would have remained here if I had been guilty?"

"That sounds true," said one of the bystanders. "Take your hands off the boy. Any one can tell he is innocent by looking at him; and now tell us all you know."

But by this time Henri had recollected that if he told his story to the crowd, the thieves might get some warning and get out of the way, and so escape justice. Therefore he replied, very composedly:

"How you have frightened me! I have slept here all night because I was too late to get in my own lodgings. Send for Father Lafort, and he will certify to the truth of what I have said."

But this speech only served to irritate the crowd, and they broke out afresh.

"But you said you knew all about it, and I am sure you know more than you are willing to tell," said one of the police. "So speak, or you must go to prison."

"Very well, do as you will, but remember that I have told you I have had no part in the affair."

"You will soon have a chance to prove that; so come along."

And the officer moved off with him, followed closely by the excited crowd. After a little thought, Henri said:

"Take me to Robespierre, instead of to prison."

"To whom? To Robespierre; you are crazy, boy."

"No, I am not crazy; I know exactly what I am doing. I will tell him all I have seen and heard, and it will do you no harm."

"But Robespierre is the chief man in the nation, and it is a dangerous thing to trifle with him."

"It is just because he is the head I wish to go to him. He will know best what to do, and if he is not satisfied with my story, you can take me to prison afterwards. Pray grant me this request."

The officer shook his head dubiously.

"It is risky to disturb Robespierre without permission. A wink from him, and your head tumbles off. You must know that as well as I."

"Make your mind easy on that score," was

Henri's confident reply. "I have such good news for him, that my head is in no danger. I know the thieves, and I know where the money is, but I will tell no one but him."

"Since that is the case, I suppose we must try it. At any rate, you are the only one who runs any risk. But I hope your head is firmly set on your shoulders."

"I am not the least afraid," said Henri.

"Then come on; but Robespierre's house is like the lions' den—many go in, but few come out again."

On the way to Robespierre's dwelling, Henri decided it would be best to give a simple, unvarnished statement of the night's events.

When they reached their destination, they were kept waiting a long half-hour. At last, however, an order came to admit them, and Henri stood in the presence of the man who, during the terrors of the French Revolution, held such sway over the lives and property of the nation.

Henri greeted him modestly, and was about to speak when he was silenced by a nod.

"After I have spoken with this man," said Robespierre, turning to an officer who stood before him pale and trembling. "Over two hundred thousand francs, and no trace of the thieves!" he exclaimed, in an irritated voice.

"No, sir," replied the man, humbly.

"Truly, we have an admirable police!" sneered Robespierre. "The negligent officer who had charge of the building must be severely punished."

"Not so quickly," interrupted Henri.

Robespierre looked in amazement at the boy who stood before him so fearlessly, and his forehead wrinkled in a way which boded no good.

"Pardon me, sir, but are you not speaking of last night's robbery?"

"Well, and what if I am?" sternly demanded Robespierre.

"Why, sir, I can tell you all about it, as I happened to be there from beginning to end."

"*You*, and you dare stand there and tell me this, you shameless boy?"

"You do not quite understand me, sir," said Henri, smilingly. "I have not helped in the robbery; I only stayed and watched, and so can tell you where to find the money, and thus save time and trouble."

"You have made me curious," said Robespierre; "proceed with your story, but don't tell me any lies."

Henri then narrated all the circumstances. When he mentioned the names Robespierre made notes of them, and when the story was

ended. "You are sure you are correct?" he asked.

"Quite sure." And Henri then told of following the thieves to Pere le Chaise, and of the secreting of the booty.

"You are a brave lad," cried Robespierre; "did you mark the spot?"

"Certainly." And Henri described the spot so minutely that it could not be mistaken.

"Take this memorandum to the Chief of Police," ordered Robespierre to the officer who had stood there during Henri's narration. "Tell him immediate search is to be made for the men here described; then you take ten men, go to Pere le Chaise and find the money. Be expeditious as possible, for I shall wait for you."

The officer departed, and Robespierre turned to Henri with a friendly look. "You are a brave boy; but why did you come to me?"

"Because, sir, as you are the head of the country, I thought you would best know what to do."

"You have acted wisely; but does no one else know your secret?"

"No one; I was entirely alone."

"But why did you not dig up the money and keep it for yourself?"

Henri opened his eyes in surprise. "*Sir?*" he said.

"The money was there, it belonged to no one; with such an amount you would be rich for the rest of your life."

"*And* I *should* have *been a thief!* No, sir; such a thought never entered my mind; if it had, I should have been forever ashamed of myself."

"Well, you are a fine fellow and shall be handsomely rewarded."

"Thank you, but I desire no reward. I have only done my duty, and desire no payment for that."

"Very well, we will talk of that another time," said Robespierre, and his countenance expressed mingled surprise and bewilderment. "Anyhow, since you have had no breakfast, I suppose you will not object to having something to eat. Go into the next room, and I will call you when the officer returns."

"But what will become of the policemen who brought me here, and are waiting for me?"

"We will give them a trifle and send them off. Now go."

Henri passed into the adjoining room, and enjoyed, with good appetite, the food placed before him. Another hour's detention and he

was again summoned before Robespierre, whom he found in high good humor.

"Your evidence is true, in part at least. The money was found in the specified place, and is again under lock and key. You may go now, but come again in three days. By that time I hope we shall have the thieves. You will not forget?"

"No, sir."

"What is your name?"

"Henri Girodin."

"And your residence?"

"Rue Lecenaire, No. 70, rear house, with Father Lafort, an old soldier."

"Very well. Good-bye, my child."

Henri made his most polite bow, and ran away, eager to have his old friend hear his story. But first, he went in search of his ink firkins, which had been left in the shed. They were not there, however, nor could anything be heard of them. "How stupid it is, after all my worry and trouble, to have lost all my property too. Patience, Henri! Robespierre can put me up again with my ink flasks, and that I will tell him quite freely."

Consoled by this thought he went home, where his old friend received him with unfeigned gladness. "So you are here at last! I was beginning to be afraid something had

happened to you. Have you heard anything of a robbery at the tax office? I hope you have not been mixed up with that affair."

"Yes I have, though," laughed Henri, "and came very near being put into prison, if it had not been for Robespierre."

"Robespierre! are you turning silly, Henri?" cried Lafort.

"Yes, Robespierre!" repeated Henri. "I breakfasted at his house this morning, and a good breakfast it was."

The old soldier rubbed his eyes as if doubtful whether or not he was awake. "I believe you are trying to make a fool of me. Don't do that, I am too old now for such tricks."

"Just be quiet old friend, and I'll tell you all about it," said Henri, soothingly. When he had concluded his account of his night's adventures, and his subsequent interview with Robespierre, the old man said: "That is really too wonderful to be true. But Robespierre is right for once, Henri, you are a brave lad and a good one too, and from my heart I bless the day which brought us together. Now we will see what the mighty man will do for you. He ought to reward you well."

"He must give me some more ink firkins."

"And nothing more?" inquired the old soldier in surprise. "Don't be silly; such a

chance as this does not come every day, and you must not let it slip."

"I shall ask for nothing more, father," and Henri shook his head good naturedly but decidedly. "He has already spoken to me of a reward, but I told him I could take no money for simply doing my duty. Now don't let us talk of it again. In three days I shall return to Robespierre's office, and he must restore my lost property, for that will be both just and right." The old soldier grumbled a little over Henri's stubbornness, but his resolution was not to be shaken by either scolding or coaxing.

At the appointed time Henri returned to the office, and was ushered without delay into Robespierre's presence.

"Ah! there you are, my son, and just at the right time. Four fellows were caught last night who answer to your description. Go to the prison; this card will gain admittance for you; look carefully at the men, and then return to me. I will send an officer with you."

Henri took the card, on which were the simple words: "*Free admittance to bearer.—Robespierre.*" But those few words were sufficient to make any prison-doors fly open as before an enchanter's wand. It took but a few glances to identify the prisoners. The

man with red hair was Brulot; the second, with thick black beard and piercing eyes, Pierre; the third, Jeannot; and the fourth Henri recognized, though he had not heard his name. When he had told this to Robespierre, "Good," said he, "they will have no opportunity of pursuing their vocation in the galleys, where they will pass the remainder of their days. I wish you to wait in the next room until I have more leisure, for I have something to say to you."

Henri obeyed this request with alacrity, for he wished to demand remuneration for his lost property. It was near mid-day before Robespierre found leisure for the desired conversation with Henri, but fortunately the latter had a fund of patience and good humor not easily exhausted.

"I am afraid you must feel very weary in having to wait so long," he said, on entering the room, "but business must never be neglected. Now I am at liberty, and can talk with you awhile. You have done the State a great service, and we should not be ungrateful. Have you decided what reward would please you? Speak quite frankly."

"I wish for no reward," replied Henri, "but I have one request to make."

"Speak freely and it shall be granted."

"You see, sir, while I was here the other day, my ink cans and all my fine black ink was stolen, and—and——

"Well?" questioned Robespierre as Henri hesitated.

"Well, sir, I hope you will not think me over bold, but if you would pay me for my loss"—

The dreaded tyrant laughed till the tears rolled over his sallow cheeks. "No, I do not find this demand very presumptuous; but is there nothing else you wish, my son? You deserve more than that."

Henri took counsel with himself. There was one wish which had long lain near his heart. Some of his acquaintances had dog-carts in which to draw their ink about the city, and Henri had a strong desire to be the proprietor of such an establishment. He knew how much more easy and comfortable such a method of conveyance would be than dragging his heavy flasks from house to house, and through street to street on his shoulders. Perhaps this heart's desire might be realized could he find courage to speak of it, but the largeness of the request made it difficult.

"Of what are you thinking so long? Have you so few wishes ungratified? If it is fear of being refused, speak out."

"I have wanted an ink-cart for so long, but—"

The stern dictator laughed aloud, but as soon as he could command his voice he said, "but that would cost a great sum of money, would it not?"

"Yes, sir; very much. The wagon alone would cost thirty francs, the dog another twenty, besides the cans and ink. Oh, sir, I see how immodest my request was. Pray, pardon me."

"Yes, I will pardon you freely," said Robespierre, smilingly, "and you shall have the wagon, too. But you must ask for still more, much more."

"For more? I cannot," said Henri, with beaming eyes. "I am too happy now to wish for more."

"But you must accept more, my child," returned Robespierre, seriously; "it is not fitting for the State to be in debt to any individual. Whatever else you ask for you shall surely have."

"Then, sir, it would be a great favor to me if you would give orders for me to serve your offices with ink. It would be a help to me, and I promise to serve good ink always, and never to overcharge."

This caused Robespierre fresh amusement.

"From this day no ink shall be used in any office of State except what is bought from you. But is there really nothing more?"

Henri shook his head.

"No, sir; I can really think of nothing else."

In vain Robespierre endeavored to shake the boy's resolution. Henri remained firm, insisting he had been more than paid.

"Be it so," said Robespierre, finally; "perhaps your modesty has gained you more than you can now fancy. Do not forget that from to-day I am your friend, and should the day ever come when you need a strong arm and a mighty will, remember me. Now, good-bye. Take this note; they will give you one hundred francs for it at the office. Go buy your wagon, and may success attend you in your business. Adieu, and remember Robespierre is your friend."

A friendly nod, a smiling glance, and Robespierre had vanished.

Henri, overjoyed in the anticipation of his wish, darted home to make his old friend a participator in his happiness.

"A fine wagon—larger trade—Robespierre's friend—gracious! wont the old soldier open his eyes when I tell him all this," thought Henri as he flew rather than walked along to-

wards his attic. Nor was he disappointed at Father Lafort's reception of his news. He was not a little astonished, but after a pause as if for the proper digestion of the stirring tale, he said :

"My son, I fear you are a born idiot!"

"I? an idiot!"

"Yes, you," coolly responded the old man. "If you had asked for two or three thousand francs, or even more, Robespierre would willingly have given it to you, and what a fine beginning that would have been for your fortune. Now many years will pass before you can think of home."

Henri looked thoughtfully before him.

"There is truth in what you say, and yet, dear old friend, if I stood before Robespierre again, I should ask for no more. God in whom I trust will help me to return to my beloved Chamounix, when He sees best. So I beg of you not to grumble any more, for it was impossible for me to have acted otherwise."

"Then I wont blame you any more. It is very pretty of you not to be covetous, but it is not wise. Anyhow, what's past is past, and I suppose there is no good in scolding."

So the affair ended. Lafort, true to his promise, scolded no more, and Henri sat and dreamed of his future, and of the time when

he would be enabled to see his beloved mountains again. Lafort saw Henri's glowing face, and knew of what blissful visions heart and brain were full, so he grasped his cane, and without disturbing the boy's happy thoughts, quietly left the apartment.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

"Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation."

Chapter V.

THE following morning Henri's first business was to go to the bank and draw the money on Robespierre's order. As he pulled the check from his pocket a card fell out, the one which had gained him entrance into the prison the previous day. He was about to throw it away carelessly, but a second thought seized him—"No, I will preserve it as a keepsake," and he pushed it into his pocket again. The one hundred francs were paid him, and he ran off merrily to make his purchase. Fortunately one of his comrades wished to dispose of his business, so Henri not only purchased his dog-cart and fixtures, but also the good will of his route. Although the most of the one hundred francs was consumed in this purchase, yet Henri thought he had made a good bargain.

"How lucky I am, and how true it is God

makes everything work together for good to those who love Him! Henri, your star is in the ascendancy. Work diligently, and in seven or eight, or at most ten years, your fortune will be made. Whoso trusts in God has not built his house on the sand."

Swiftly rolled the little wagon through the busy streets as these thoughts danced through Henri's brain.

"That's right, my brave Sultan," he said, patting the great dog on the head, "continue to do your duty like this, and we shall soon be good friends."

Sultan sprang forward briskly till they reached home where Henri halted for Father Lafort to see and admire his equipage.

"Your dog has an excellent face, my boy," said the old man, kindly. "I foresee you will soon make your fortune."

Days and weeks and months of happy life sped on for our little hero, unmarked by any event of consequence, until one evening on his way home he observed a disturbance on one of the side streets, which aroused his curiosity. "Come, Sultan, we must find out what is going on there. It will be a little out of our way, but we have plenty of time. Hurry up, Sultan."

Sultan trotted on rapidly, Henri running

after. When he reached the spot he found a handsome travelling carriage with four horses, around which a crowd of idlers as inquisitive as Henri, had collected, and several policemen, one of whom was struggling with the coachman, who refused to dismount from his box. The greater part of the crowd took sides with the coachman and abused the policemen vehemently.

"But good citizens," remonstrated the officer, "why do you hinder us in the performance of our duty? The papers this man carries are forged. Of that we have undeniable proof. This coachman is not one of the people. He is an aristocrat, the Count Montbris, and if you doubt my word, look at his white face which proves the truth of what I have said."

In truth a mortal pallor had overspread the man's countenance as he heard the name Montbris, and the hands which held the reins trembled visibly, so that every one observed it. "Oh, an aristocrat is he? that is different—down with him," shouted the vacillating throng, and the eyes which had hitherto rested sympathizingly on the man, suddenly became hostile.

He was in a great extremity and evidently knew not what to do. But a quick glance into the carriage, nerved him to new efforts, and he

exclaimed, "Do not believe him, good friends. If I turned pale and trembled it was from anger and contempt, because he called me an aristocrat. I am a good citizen, as my passport will show. Will you give me my papers? You have no right to detain them."

"He has a passport," re-echoed the easily moved crowd; "the man is right, give him his papers. Down with the police," and the excited multitude rushed upon the police who would have been utterly routed had not a reinforcement of cavalry opportunely come to their aid. The horses soon scattered the crowd and it was with difficulty Henri could draw his wagon into a corner, in time to prevent its destruction. "Who is here thus defying the law?" shouted the cavalry captain, a wild fierce-looking man, drawing his sword as he spoke. "Hunt down the dogs, my men! Sabres out! march!"

The order was scarcely given when the people fled with screams of terror, and in a twinkling the space around the carriage was quite empty. In the midst of the noise and confusion, the coachman endeavored to make his escape. He grasped his reins more tightly, swung his whip, and the horses started forward. He would have succeeded in his efforts had not the Captain of the mounted police sprang be-

tween the forward horses, who became frightened and unmanageable, the coach swayed back and forth and finally fell on its side with a crash.

"Oh, God! my child, my poor child!" cried the coachman, falling at Henri's feet, who had witnessed the scene with consternation, from his corner. "All is lost, but at least they shall only have our persons." With a quick movement he threw a little casket which fell just under Sultan's feet.

Quick as lightning Henri seized the box and hid it in the straw on which his flasks of ink lay, saying as he did so, "Your property is safe; I am an honest boy and will take care of them for you."

The man understood Henri, and thanked him with a look. The police now took possession of him, and he made no further resistance.

"I am in your custody, whether rightfully or not you will soon discover," he said, in a compressed voice. "Now I beg of you to open the carriage. There is a little child in it. Open it pray and see if she is safe."

The officers seemed to feel a movement of pity, and broke open the door, when the white, tearful face of a little girl was visible. Stretching out her arms towards her father, she ex-exclaimed:

"My papa, my poor papa, let him alone—he has done no harm."

The child's features aroused some dim remembrance in Henri's mind, but he could not recall the time or place when he had heard the silvery voice or seen the pretty face. And, indeed, he had no time to endeavor to recall the past, for a policeman touched him on the shoulder, saying roughly:

"What did the prisoner have to say to you boy?"

Henri shrank back in fear, but collecting his thoughts he said politely:

"Pardon me, sir, I did not know it was against the law to speak to the poor man. He had a severe fall, and I hoped he had not injured himself."

"You lie," said the officer; "he threw something away and you have it. Give me whatever it was."

"You must be mistaken, sir. Here I am, search me. Yet that won't avail you much, for as you can see, I am only a poor ink boy, drawn here by curiosity."

The officer could not get rid of his first impressions, so he searched Henri's pockets, but only found a few coins, the proceeds of his day's sale, and Robespierre's card of entrance to the prison.

"Where did you get that?" inquired the officer in a more polite tone than he had hitherto used.

"From Robespierre, who is my good friend."

"*Your* friend," exclaimed the officer, "you must be dreaming."

"No," said Henri with amusement. "Ask your colleague yonder, he will remember me."

The man indicated stood near, and the policeman stepped up to him and asked a question. He turned a sharp glance on Henri, whom he recognized instantly as the friendly nod he gave him proved.

"The boy is right, and I advise you to let him alone. Robespierre has taken a great fancy to him, and it is dangerous to interfere with his friends."

The officer returned to Henri.

"My good boy, I beg your pardon; here is your card, and pray forget that I ever thought you could have a secret with the aristocrat. We are all deceived sometimes, and I humbly crave your pardon."

"All right," said Henri, restoring his card to his pocket. "Only in future be careful not to make charges you can't prove."

"Certainly—certainly, but don't mention my mistake to your friend."

"No, he shall never hear of it," said Henri,

reassuringly. "But, now tell me, why have the man and little girl been arrested?"

"Willingly. You have already heard that the man is no coachman, but Count de Montbris. Our spy informed us that he intended to flee from France with his little daughter; now, you see, we have caught him in the very act. I fancy we have done a good thing, for the Count is very wealthy, and the treasures which we shall find in the coach will go to the state."

"Indeed! but the little girl, his poor little daughter, they surely will not take her to prison."

"Why not?" said the officer, coolly. "Caught together, imprisoned together, guillotined together! In a couple of days all will be ended for both of them. Do you not know it is punishable with death to be found leaving France secretly?"

"Yet such a law can scarcely apply to such a tender little girl. See how she clings to her father, weeping so piteously."

"Yes, death is bitter, and children's tears flow easily," said the man, quite unmoved by the touching sight. "One gets accustomed to such things when one sees them every day. They are lost, anyhow, for only Robespierre can save them."

"Robespierre!" cried Henri, a ray of hope brightening his eye. "Then I will go to him, he must give me an order for their release."

The officer stared.

"You dare go before Robespierre without permission? Surely, too, you do not know what an unpardonable thing it is to ask for the life of an aristocrat."

"What is that to me? Robespierre will not suspect me of being one of them, and I know he will not refuse my request. Where do you take the prisoners?"

"To the prison La Force, and from there to the Guillotine."

"Never *there!*" said Henri, confidently. "The child, at least, shall be free to-morrow."

"Do you know the little one, that you feel so much interested in her?"

"No—and yet it does seem as if I had seen her before somewhere."

"Well, adieu; the carriage is all right again, and I must go. Remember your promise not to mention my impoliteness to Robespierre."

The officer in charge now collected his forces, the coach was surrounded by armed men, and the procession moved slowly toward the prison.

Instigated by a sympathy he could not define, Henri followed the coach, and had one more glimpse of the lovely face of the weeping

girl as she entered the gloomy walls of La Force.

"Wonderful!" he thought. "Where could I have seen any one like her? Yet it must be more than fancy. And she must be saved. I do not believe that Robespierre is such a dreadful man as everybody says, so to-morrow I shall see him. Now, I must hurry home and find out what is in the casket, and perhaps that will solve the mystery as to who this little girl is."

He pushed his hand under the straw, and drew it back contentedly.

"That's safe. How the tiger's claws would have clutched at this if I had not hidden it. Be brisk, Sultan, supper is waiting."

Sultan obeyed the word of command, and pushed along so quickly that they soon reached home. Henri put his little cart under cover, provided for his dog's comfort, and then, casket in hand, climbed to his attic.

"What kept you so long? Hark! it is just striking ten, and a few moments later and you would have been locked out for the night. Have you been in trouble again, as you were the night you followed the scamp who stole your money?"

"Not exactly, though the police have been mixed up with it. But don't look so shocked. There is no harm done yet."

"You are over fond of teasing an old fellow, so out with your story. What have you there?"

"A casket. I snatched it away from under the nose of a policeman, and a sharp nose it was, too."

"You are now and always will be an audacious good-for-nothing," growled the old soldier. "Yet, I am anxious to hear all about it."

The details of the story were soon told, and also Henri's resolve to go to Robespierre and make an effort to touch his heart in the little girl's behalf.

"That would be too foolhardy for even you. What is the girl to you, that you should run such a risk for her? Be thankful that you have escaped once from the lion's den without injury, and do not put yourself within reach of his claws a second time. Do be a good boy, and let these affairs which are no concern of yours arrange themselves."

"We will talk of this again to-morrow," said Henri, evasively. "And now let us see what is in this casket."

"Very well, give it to me."

Henri handed it over, and Lafort examined it carefully on all sides, but found no opening.

"It is securely fastened," he said, at last; "but stop, here is a button; press it."

Henri did as he was bid, again and again,

with all his strength, but the button was immoveable.

Lafort threw the box pettishly towards the table, but it fell on the hard, tiled floor.

"How careless! it might have been broken," exclaimed Henri.

"Well, why won't it come open, then?" growled the old man, impatiently. "Pick it up, and let us try it again."

Henri stooped for it, and, as he did so, uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"It is open!" he said.

The cover of the box had been jarred open by the fall, and our friends could see its contents without further hindrance. They brought it near the lamp, and then removed the silk covering which lay just under the cover, when the sparkling of many precious stones met their gaze.

"What beauties, and what treasures!" exclaimed Lafort. "Fortunate boy! you were born under a lucky star. But find out what else is here."

Henri removed the bracelets, necklaces and diadems with care, and then drew aside a second covering of silk. Still greater treasures were then disclosed. Several small boxes filled with large pearls and diamonds and other precious stones.

"Wonderful!" cried Lafort, clasping his

hands in surprise and admiration. "They must be worth at least one hundred thousand francs, and it looks as if we had not reached the end of the valuables yet."

The boxes of precious stones were taken out and placed on the table, when many rolls of Louis d'or became visible.

"Well, well, he was certainly an unusually rich coachman. But what is that? It looks like paper."

"Yes, it is old parchment and letters, and—but what can this be?"

"What?" inquired Lafort, curiously; "another treasure?

"Something very like it," replied Henri; "the deed of lands, woods, and castles of Thioncourt in Savoy to Count de Montbris and his heirs forever. Only think, Lafort, in my own dear Savoy. Ah! I know the park and castle well. It is only six miles from Chamounix, and my dear grandmother was a servant there in her girlhood. What a lovely place it is! There are not such woods anywhere else, I think, in all the world beside."

"Well, I congratulate you," said Lafort. "You will not make a bad gentleman, Henri."

"A gentleman! I, what do you mean?"

"What do I mean? only, that you are the rightful possessor of all the wealth now lying on our old, worm-eaten table. How those

stones do glow and shine! You will surely give up your ink trade now."

"I really have no idea as to your meaning," said Henri, who began to fear the sight of so many valuables had turned the old soldier's brain.

"You are more stupid then than I could have believed possible, Henri. Don't you see that this document says clearly that Count de Montbris and his daughter Fleurette are the last of the line. That is easy to read and to understand. And the Count gave you the casket; in three days both he and his daughter will certainly be dead, unless some miracle takes place; so, of course, you will be the owner then of all this wealth. Now do you see?"

"No, I do not," replied Henri, as he carefully re-packed the box. "I have as little right to these treasures as you or any other person in the world, excepting Count de Montbris and his daughter."

"But they are dead, or the same as dead. Aristocrats who fall into the clutches of the state, are only seen again when brought out to die. And then, pray, who is to inherit all this wealth?"

Henri turned pale and sick, for he now comprehended Lafort's meaning.

"That is horrible!" he murmured.

"Horrible," echoed Lafort, "that from being a poor ink peddler, you should suddenly become a rich man, with houses and lands and all the comforts of life, ready to your hand? you are a foolish fellow!"

"It has not come to that yet," said Henri, "and God forbid that they should die. The child, at least, I am resolved to save. God, who has been so good to me heretofore, will aid me now. The child must be saved, *must!*"

"But how do you intend to do it? They are nothing to you, and you will be only endangering your own life; let events take their natural course, and you will become rich and happy. Don't be such an idiot as to interfere for these strangers and thus sacrifice your own prosperity, if not your life."

"Happiness and prosperity you call it," cried Henri, "to feel as long as you live a murderer. Don't you know that I should be one if I took no steps to save these two lives, when there is a possibility, even if it be but a faint one, of being able to do it? Oh, Lafort, have you thought how you are trying to lead me into temptation?"

The old man looked with tear-dimmed eyes on the lad standing so proudly before him, with erect head and flushed cheek; then he stretched out both arms, and with full heart

and tremulous voice, called, "Come to my heart, Henri! You are a good, a noble boy, and the blessing of the Lord rests upon you. The temptation was great, but you have bravely resisted it. My old heart is brimming over with joy, because of your truth and honesty."

"So you were only trying to prove me Lafort! I thought you could never mean it. What a wretch I should be even to yield for a moment to such a trial. I have not forgotten the promise I gave my grandmother on her death bed, to keep God ever before my eyes, and His law in my heart. This promise is as sacred to me now as when I first gave it, and God being my helper, I will never break it. My duty is plain before me. The little girl I *must* save, and her father, if possible. You take charge of the casket and to-morrow I will see if God will forsake me in this extremity."

"He will not! He will not!" replied Lafort, locking the box in his closet; "the Lord is the helper of all who need, and He will never leave you. Go and do what you can and I shall have no more anxiety on your account, than had Daniel in the den of lions."

They went to bed and Henri dreamed of the child and her father, and of the frightful death which seemed so near.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

"When I am in trouble I will call upon the Lord."

Chapter VI.

WHEN Henri arose from his hard couch the following morning, something fell from his neck making a clinking noise as it struck the tiled floor. He stooped and picked it up. It was the ring given him by a little maiden as he stood sobbing by his grandmother's death-bed, and which he had since then worn on a ribbon round his neck. When he looked at the ring, a sudden flash of recollection shot through his mind.

"Lafort!" he cried, quite beside himself at the discovery he had made; "Lafort, I know now who the little girl is I saw carried to prison yesterday. It is Fleurette, the dear little angel, from Chamounix."

"Who is it?" inquired Lafort.

"Think a moment, Lafort," and Henri's

eyes sparkled with delight; "don't you remember how I have told you of that time of trouble when I lost my dear grandmother, and a strange gentleman came with his little daughter and gave me a present; and how the beautiful little girl gave me this ring as a keepsake, and said such comforting words to me,—and now only think, so strangely does the good God order events, that the prisoners whom I saw arrested yesterday are no others than Fleurette and her father. Yes, he called her Fleurette! How well I remember it all now. And her face! only yesterday she was so pale and frightened and cried so bitterly that I could not recall her distinctly. But now I do; and I am so thankful that God will allow me to do them some service and so prove my gratitude by deeds instead of only words. And now I must go. She shall not languish one moment longer in prison without some consolation. I will go immediately to Robespierre. He will—he *must* hear me and give me an order for their release."

"Not quite yet; it is too early and they will not give you entrance," said Lafort, thoughtfully. "Wait an hour or two, Henri."

"No, Father Lafort, I cannot wait any longer. Impatience drives me out. But you are right. I cannot yet go to Robespierre, yet I will hurry

to the prison and see if my card has lost its magic. To think of her in a dungeon makes my blood run cold; it is horrible! But patience—before evening she shall be free again!"

Lafort made no further attempt to restrain Henri. With hasty steps he sped along the streets till he reached La Force, and requested admittance. The doorkeepers refused his request until Henri produced his ticket which worked its usual wonder, and without delay he was led to Fleurette. He found her in a large dark room, whose roof was supported by huge stone pillars which met overhead in pointed arches. Thirty or forty other prisoners were in the same cell, and walked up and down in pairs or singly between the rows of columns. Henri searched with his eyes over the dark room until his glance rested on Fleurette seated in her father's lap, caressing his gloomy forehead and pale cheeks with her tender white hands. Henri stood before her motionless for a few moments, observing her with shining eyes. "Yes, it is she," he murmured; "it is she, and that is her father. I should have known him yesterday but for the clothing he wore. I wonder if she will remember me?"

Henri touched Fleurette's arm very lightly with his finger, and as she turned her head, he

said, smilingly, "Fleurette, do you know me?" At first the little one looked at him inquisitively and wonderingly—then suddenly a smile lighted her countenance, she clapped her hands and then reached out both towards the boy.

"Henri!" she cried. "Yes, I remember you well. Father, dear father, see this is the boy from Chamounix. No, Henri, I have never forgotten you. But what are you doing here? Are you a prisoner as well as my dear papa and I?"

"No, I am no prisoner," replied Henri, highly pleased, and pressing eagerly the hands of his little friend. "I have only come here to visit you and comfort you a little if I can, and your father also. We met yesterday, and the casket, sir, is safely shut up under lock and key, in Father Lafort's care."

"Ah! so you are the boy with the ink-cart," said the Count, taking Henri's hand. "Brave fellow, take good care of the casket, for it is of great value. Should God ever see fit to give us our freedom, you shall be richly rewarded."

"I desire no reward, Count," replied Henri. "I am sufficiently rewarded in being able to do you a service. Have patience, sir, and God willing, you shall soon leave this dungeon."

"Yes, that we may climb the scaffold," said the Count gloomily, pressing his daughter closely to his heart. "Oh, if Fleurette could only be saved from this dreadful fate! The innocent child who never injured one of God's creatures, not even the smallest worm. To die so young! Oh, heavenly Father, it is hard, very hard."

"But I assure you she shall not die," exclaimed Henri. "Her chains and yours also shall be broken; I will do it."

"*You*, a boy?" said Count de Montbris, astounded. "How will you find it possible to accomplish that, which men, brave and wise men, have failed to do."

"Ah, you do not know that Robespierre is my friend," replied Henri confidently. "I will go to him and beg him so earnestly and so long for your release that he cannot help but grant what I ask."

"You will really do such a thing?" cried Count de Montbris, still more surprised.

"Yes, certainly I will. Look at this card with Robespierre's name on it. He gave me this that I might be able to find admission, and you can now believe that I am not so feeble and useless as you thought. Yes, indeed, Robespierre is very friendly towards me, and I will work with all my might for your pardon!"

"Boy, in heaven's name, do not deceive me: raise no hopes in me whose destruction would be more bitter than death itself," cried the Count, grasping Henri's arm with feverish earnestness. "Can it be really true that you have any influence over the wolfish Robespierre?"

"Indeed, it is true," said Henri assuringly. "I would never deceive and cheat you with lies."

"Well, my boy, only save my child, my precious Fleurette, and half of my wealth is yours. Will you? Will you?" urged the poor father, almost wild in his anxiety for his daughter.

"That is what I came to say. Only let me go now, and talk with Robespierre, and in two hours, or perhaps sooner, I will return with joyful news. Be of good heart, dear sir! Trust in God as I do, and all will go well. Adieu, dear little Fleurette, you will see me again very soon."

Henri withdrew from the thanks of the Count, left the prison, and hastened towards Robespierre's dwelling. He was still quite early, and was at first refused entrance. But he was so urgent in his demands, and insisted upon the business being so important, that he was finally admitted.

"Ah, ha! my little ink-man, I declare!" cried Robespierre, who sat in his silk dressing-gown, coffee-cup in hand, and who turned a pleasant face to meet Henri. "Have you brought me information of another robbery?"

"No, sir," replied Henri, delighted at finding the man on whose lips the decree of life and death hung, in such a good humor. "No, sir, this time I come to you with a prayer."

"A prayer! let us hear it," said Robespierre, graciously.

Henri related his first encounter with Count de Montbris and his daughter, in a simple and concise manner, showed the ring which Fleurette had given him, pictured the thankfulness and gratitude he felt for his benefactors, and finally said both had been arrested and imprisoned the previous day, but without mentioning the casket. He was then silent.

"And what more?" inquired Robespierre, whose face friendly at first, had grown more and more sullen and morose as the story had progressed. "What more, my son?"

"Now, sir," said Henri, with deep emotion, throwing himself on his knees before Robespierre. "You must already know what it is I would beg of you. Give the poor prisoners again their freedom. Do it, dear sir, do it out of kindness to me. You once told me, if ever

I was in a situation where a strong arm and a mighty will were necessary for my safety, to remember you. And now I do it; I come to beg for your protection; to crave, dear sir, for your mercy."

Robespierre wrinkled his forehead and walked impatiently up and down the chamber. Several moments passed in anxious silence. Finally he said very harshly, "Do you know, boy, that you have risked your own life in making such a request? How? you beg the life of an aristocrat, an enemy and destroyer of the nation?"

"But they are innocent, sir. The Count wishes to leave France and to dwell in obscurity. He is no enemy of France. And Fleurette, sir, is only a child. Be merciful, sir. Let me not entreat in vain."

"It cannot be! Get up, boy, and go off," said Robespierre, sternly.

"No, sir! no, sir! I cannot go," replied Henri, determined to risk everything. "Hear me and let your heart be softened. Only one stroke of your pen and two lives will be saved, who will be eternally grateful to you."

"Boy, make requests for yourself, but not for others," returned Robespierre, gloomily. "The aristocrats must die, and you understand that. Go!"

"No, sir; do not send me away so," implored Henri, the tears running over his cheeks. "If only you could see Fleurette, I know you would have pity on her."

Robespierre got up, pushed his cup away, and moved with some haste toward the window. Henri watched him with great anxiety.

"Well," he finally said, "I am in your debt and will pay it off. The girl is free; but her father must die! Be quiet, not another word, or the girl goes with him. The father I neither can or will save. And the daughter I only save because of you. If he was only one of the people—but, no—he must die under the guillotine!"

Henri opened his mouth to ask grace for the Count once more, but one look from Robespierre made the words die unuttered on his lips.

"Remember, if you speak one single word, the girl dies too. If you desire to save her, be silent."

Robespierre went to his desk, threw a few words on a sheet of paper and handed it to Henri.

"Take it," he said. "That is Fleurette's life and liberty. Give me no thanks, but take care of yourself, for now we are quits. Adieu!"

A wave of the hand ordered Henri to leave.

He could scarcely move, and with blanched face and feeble steps he left the room. He recognized the fact that Robespierre was in truth the fearful man Lafort had pictured him, and tremblingly he thanked God that he had been able to enkindle one spark of pity in the almost dead heart. The dearest wish of the Count was at least fulfilled, Fleurette's head should be saved from the axe of the guillotine.

And yet Henri's step lagged as he drew near the prison; he was deeply grieved that he had only partially succeeded in his good work, and his sad face robbed the Count, who hurried to meet him, of every ray of hope.

"I thought it would be so," said the Count, while a deadly pallor overspread his features, "your hopes deceived you, poor boy, and my little, innocent Fleurette must die as well as I!"

"No, oh, no," said Henri, hastily, "my expectations were not fully realized, but Fleurette is free. Here is the order for her to leave the prison."

"Messenger of heaven," cried the overjoyed father, after he had glanced over the permit to convince himself that Henri's words were really true. "Fleurette, dear child, your life is saved. Oh, my son, how happy you have made me by this news! Henri, half of my

possessions are yours. Take it, and give Fleurette the remainder. Now I can die in peace, since God has accorded me this mercy."

"Die, dear father? you die?" exclaimed little Fleurette, throwing her arms around her father's neck. "No, God is too good to permit them to kill you. Is He not, Henri? No, Henri will save you as he has me?"

Henri shrugged his shoulders helplessly, and the Count looked moodily before him.

"There is no more mercy to be had from Robespierre," said Henri, after a pause. "I entreated him on my knees, Fleurette, to save your father's life, and he commanded me to hush, with such a frightful threat that I dared not utter another word."

"What did he threaten you with, Henri—with your death?" inquired Fleurette.

"No, with yours," answered Henri. "*My* life I would have risked."

"That was like the Tiger," sighed Count de Montbris. "Enough, my children. Your safety, Fleurette, makes death easier to me. Go, now, go; I will not be happy till you are out of the prison. Take my child, who is already an orphan."

"Father, dear father, I cannot leave you," sobbed little Fleurette, clinging closely to her

father. "If you must die, I do not want to live."

The Count pressed the weeping child in his arms, and his eyes were full of tears.

"Do not struggle with the unavoidable, my child," he said, in a compressed voice; "you must live, while I die."

"You shall not die!" cried Henri, suddenly, who had been standing in deep thought. "Come, Fleurette, there is no time to lose; we must work quickly, if we would gain our end. Do not despair, Count. You come with me to my old friend, Lafort, Fleurette."

"Wait a moment, Henri. Tell me what you mean; surely you have no hope?"

"I have confidence in God, and with that the most certain hope," said Henri, simply. "How you are to be saved, I do not yet know. But God can direct me in the proper way, and in the meantime I must see what plans Lafort and I can devise. But time presses, and we must go."

Count de Montbris thought that Henri wished to make the separation easier for Fleurette.

"But I shall see you again, dear father, shall I not?"

"Yes, that you shall, I will answer for it with my life," answered Henri; "but come, every moment is precious."

Amidst hot tears Fleurette tore herself from her father's embrace and followed Henri to the door. But the guard would not permit them to pass. "Call the jailor," ordered Henri sharply. The jailor came. "You are an idiot to think of taking away a prisoner. Go back with her."

"I fancied you knew me better," returned Henri calmly. "I am acting upon Robespierre's order. Show proper respect to him."

"Pah! what foolishness!" cried the man; "the idea of Robespierre ordering a prisoner to be free. Tell your stories to children, boy; you will not find faith in me."

"If you doubt my word, perhaps you will credit Robespierre's handwriting," said Henri, coolly, taking Robespierre's order from his pocket. The jailor read it with unconcealed wonder.

"This is a miracle! Boy, who in the world are you, that can come into the prison when you wish and free prisoners."

"You see it is here. I am Robespierre's friend, and his tool also. I will come to see you often, but now, please give orders in regard to this child."

"Let them pass," ordered the jailor, "but truly, it is a miracle."

No one else hindered Henri and Fleurette.

They gained Lafort's apartments in safety, who could scarcely credit his senses when he saw Henri leading little Fleurette over the threshold.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

"Let me not be disappointed of my hope."

Chapter VII.

A FEW words sufficed to solve the riddle of Fleurette's escape for the worthy old soldier. But his amazement was unspeakable that Henri had really succeeded in turning the almost pitiless heart to pity. "It is a special providence of God," he said reverentially. "Give Him hearty thanks, my lad, that he has so wonderfully guided and protected you; and then take your wanderer's staff in hand and flee from this city where death and destruction are on every side. Flee, I say, for in the end Robespierre may repent his weakness in yielding to a boy's prayers. Go as quickly as possible; that is my advice."

"And it is very good advice, too; advice which we will surely follow when the right time comes. But first, Fleurette's father must be saved."

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"Fleurette's father? Count de Montbris?" cried Lafort, in bewildered astonishment. "Henri, you are dreaming; you will not attempt that impossibility."

"I will attempt it, trusting in God," said Henri.

"That will not be trusting God, but tempting God," replied Lafort. "Henri, unheard of things have already happened; you have the treasures of the Count de Montbris, and you have saved his daughter; you have done what no one else would have deemed possible; you have softened the heart of a tiger; and all these occurrences have turned your brain, and disturbed your understanding. To think for a moment of saving the Count de Montbris whose death knell is even now perhaps ringing! to save an aristocrat whom even Robespierre dare not protect! Go away, you are still only a child!"

"No Lafort, I am no longer a child; and my resolution is irrevocably fixed," answered the boy. "When I was in distress the Count did me a good turn, and he shall reap what he sowed."

"But, Henri, do you not know that Robespierre himself would turn against you, should he find out that you were making such an attempt against his will, and, indeed, his ex-

press commands? Henri, let well enough alone, be content with what you have already accomplished, leave the country, fly with Fleurette to the safe and quiet valley of your native land, and surrender the Count to the mercy of heaven. Go, my son, go. To count upon success in such an undertaking is worse than folly—it is presumption. I implore you to go, and afterwards Fleurette will thank you for having done so."

"I will go—but only with the Count de Montbris," answered Henri, with firmness and decision—"without him, never! Lafort, the Lord is most mighty in weakness. I trust in Him, and He will never permit the murderous axe to fall on me, who am innocent. Oh! you of little faith, how can you dare doubt God's grace and goodness. Is not our cause just? It is our bounden duty to stretch out our hands to the relief of the suffering; and shall we first ask if there is any danger of harm coming to us by so doing? Oh, Lafort, if I really fail, if I come to death on the scaffold, would it not be better so, than to carry around for years the consciousness that through mean cowardice I had made no attempt to rescue my benefactor! No, Lafort, do not seek to shake my resolve. I either save the Count or I go under with him!"

The old soldier gazed with surprise at the boy's animated face, and involuntarily he reached out his hands, moved by the nobility of heart which the lad displayed.

"Henri," he cried, "your virtues are better than my wisdom. So do what you can, and from old Lafort no more obstacles will be found, nor shall it ever be said that he left his best friend in the lurch for fear of losing his old grey head. Yes, my boy, we will work together, and whatever old Lafort can do, that he will gladly for his friend and yours. Count upon me, Henri. In trouble and in death I will remain faithful to you."

"Now this is a proof that all will go as I wish," said Henri, laughing. "I know you well, dear old friend. Your heart is better than you think yourself, and this hour proves it. Now let us hear what you think best to do."

Lafort paced the room for a time in deep thought. "We can accomplish nothing by force," he said at last, "so there only remains to us craft and bribery. Think you that the jailor would be open to bribery?"

"I do not know, and, beside, it would be dangerous to endeavor to buy him, for it would weaken his faith in my influence over Robespierre," said Henri. "We had better do what

we can through cunning first; if we fail with that, bribery still remains."

"If I could only go to the prison once," said Lafort, "an old soldier sees so much which escapes younger eyes. Would it not be possible for you to smuggle me in?"

"It must be, and it is," answered Henri, after short deliberation. "The jailor will not ask for your ticket of admission if you come with me. At all events, we can try it."

"Then we can see what more we can do," pursued Lafort. "A happy idea just comes to me, Henri. How would it do for the Count to put on my old wig, buckle on my wooden foot, and slip out of prison in place of me? It would be quite easy to take him for me, in the evening twilight, especially if he smutted his face a little."

"Truly, that is a capital thought," said Henri; "but how about you, Lafort? What will become of you after the Count is in safety?"

"Pshaw, you need not consider me. What will become of me? I am a poor, old fellow whom few would miss. Yes, Henri, that is the best way; you slip out quietly with the Count in the evening, come again early next morning and fetch me out, and if all goes well we'll slip on foot through the city gates, mount

a wagon, and go off as fast as a horse can carry us. Robespierre must then be very brisk if he would catch us again."

"Be it so," said Henri, earnestly. "We must attempt it at least, and put our faith in the faithful mercy of God. As soon as it begins to grow dusk we will go."

The day passed swiftly amid preparations for the anticipated flight. Lafort engaged a wagon which was to wait for them outside the city at a small, seldom frequented inn, while Henri visited the police office and obtained a permit for Mr. Lafort and his daughter to go to Savoy. The officer made objections in the beginning, but the witchery of Robespierre's name wrought its accustomed marvels. After the boldest mention of Robespierre, and with the assistance of the officer who had helped him out of his difficulty at the time of the Count's arrest, he received the desired permit, and showed it to the old soldier, who was highly gratified with Henri's skilful manœuvering. By evening everything was arranged, and Henri went with Lafort to the prison.

"Admittance for myself and friend," said Henri, boldly, pointing to Lafort, who hid his old grey wig and wooden foot under his long soldier's cloak.

"It is too late," answered the guard. "I

have no orders to let you pass; come again to-morrow."

"To-morrow, indeed; we must have entrance now, on the spot. Call the jailor, quickly."

The jailor came as in the morning, and recognized Henri instantly. "Ah, it's you, is it? Pass on; pass on!"

Without asking for Henri's card he permitted him and his friend to go in, and gave the guard orders to allow Henri to go in and out whenever he desired.

"The fellow is one of Robespierre's good friends," he said. "We have nothing to fear from him, and you need never disturb me again when he comes. Good night, and be watchful!"

Henri heard this order, and his heart throbbed with joy. Now it would be almost impossible for his plan to miscarry. The Count need only put on his disguise and walk out boldly with him. The sentinel would certainly not hinder them.

"Be quick, good Lafort; if all goes well, in ten minutes' time the work will be accomplished, and early in the morning I will come for you."

"May God so order," replied the old man. "But where is the Count?"

After short search he was found, and looked surprised at seeing Henri again.

"You here again?" he said. "What brings you? Fleurette is well?"

"Quite well and in safety, as you shall see for yourself in a short time," returned Henri. "Be brisk, Count, the hour for your release has come. Put on this wig, buckle on this wooden leg, throw over you this cloak, and then we will go."

The Count started. "Of what are you talking?" he inquired.

Henri explained in the fewest possible words their plan of flight, and again urged him to hurry. "We dare not linger," he urged. "In another hour the sentinel outside will be changed, and then no one can leave the walls without special permit. Hurry, sir, hurry!"

The Count fought visibly with himself. Finally, he said, while his eyes rested with deep thankfulness upon his deliverers; "I thank you sincerely, my friends. But I cannot accept your sacrifice. Leave me to my fate. I die willingly, now that I know my daughter has found friends, who will watch over and guard her well. That was the heaviest, the most anxious care which pressed upon my heart. I beg of you not to leave Fleurette, and the

blessing of a dying father will rest on your head. Go now, my friends!"

"No, we will not go; that is, without you, Sir," replied Henri. "I assure you, you do not run the slightest danger. Lafort will remain here in your place."

"And because he is so self-sacrificing I cannot go, my child," said the Count. "A miserable wretch I would be, could I accept this offer after you, my son, have run such great and dangerous risks for me. A discovery would be certain death to you and your friend, without being of any use to me. No, the danger is too great; I will remain!"

In vain did Henri press the matter; in vain did Lafort grumble and scold. The Count remained immovable in his determination, till Lafort at last declared with decision, that he would remain also, if the Count was so foolish and unwise.

"Now Sir, do as you will," he said sharply. "On an old fellow whose days are already numbered, there is not much use in thinking; and besides, I do not trouble myself much more about my life, than I would about a useless bean. But it is altogether different with you. You are a father. You have duties to your little daughter; and it is a sin for you to

refuse an opportunity of flight, when it is offered you. And now I have had my say, and here I remain, as true as there is a sun in the heavens."

The Count wavered, hesitated, at last gave in. Henri and Lafort took him joyfully in hand and assisted in dressing him. But a precious hour had passed while they endeavored to persuade the Count to accede to their proposal, and now, just as they were ready to leave the prison, nine o'clock tolled from the prison tower. Henri turned white, and Lafort uttered a cry of despair.

"Too late!" he cried, "too late! That comes from this abominable obstinacy and stubbornness. Now heaven only knows how we are to get through the double and triple watch. Oh! Count, what a dreadful situation you have put us in!"

The Count remained silent, and looked steadily on the floor. But Henri soon recovered himself, and spoke to the others of new hopes and fresh courage. "Patience," he said, "a fortunate moment will retrieve all for us, and all is not yet lost. Lafort must now stay here through the night, but I will be back early to-morrow to release you. Be without care, dear old Lafort! If every other plan

fails, one is still open—a request to Robespierre. You are neither a prisoner nor an aristocrat, so he will not refuse you your liberty. I am going, but expect me first thing in the morning."

"All is right, as far as I am concerned," replied Lafort, throwing a sorrowful glance in the corner. "My life does'nt count for much, but it worries me that our fine plan should have failed. It is not your fault, my boy! Sleep well, Henri."

"Forgive me, Henri!" begged Count de Montbris. "Had I known your goodness and fidelity would have carried you to such lengths, I would not have resisted you so long."

"Do not grieve over it, Count," said Henri, mildly and pleasantly. "Had I been in your place, I should have done just the same. And now Lafort will not bother you any more. When he has worked off his vexation by a little scolding and growling, he will be good-natured again as ever. It is his way. Now, good night! and keep a brave heart. God will yet show us a way out of this."

Henri left the prison now, bearing a thousand loving messages to Fleurette from the Count. His card opened his way through the guard,

but his heart was bowed down with heavy cares, and it was far into the night before he found forgetfulness in slumber.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

"Trust thou in God, and He will yet help thee, who is the light of thy countenance and thy God."

Chapter VIII.

WITH a sorrowful heart Henri had sought his couch on the previous evening—with a sorrowful heart he arose the following morning. When he realized the danger and counted up the obstacles which must be overcome, before he could liberate the Count de Montbris and his old friend Lafort from the prison, such an overpowering anxiety seized him, that he could only promise himself the worst possible ending of his plans and hopes. Sadly he sat by the table, leaning his head wearily on his hand, turning over in his mind all possible schemes for his dangerous undertaking. Again, the thought of asking Robespierre's powerful intercession arose, only, however, to be rejected as his eye fell on Fleurette sleeping softly on Lafort's rough bed.

"No, that will never do," he muttered, "I

might venture my own life, but that of the innocent little one—never!"

Annoyed and distressed by these worrying thoughts, he sprang up and paced the room with hasty steps. Fleurette, aroused by the noise, looked at him with an inquiring smile:

"Henri, good Henri! what is disturbing you so much?" she asked. "And where is Lafort and my father? I thought you were going to bring them back yesterday. I waited for you so long that I could not keep my eyes open, and so fell asleep. But, dear Henri, tell me, where is my father?"

"Still in prison, Fleurette," replied Henri, wearily. "All our plans went wrong, and, to-day—God only knows if it will be any better to-day."

"Oh, Henri! how anxious you make me," said Fleurette, seizing Henri's hand. "What are you afraid of? Yesterday you were so full of hope and courage. Is not the good God in whom you trusted yesterday just the same to-day."

"Ah! Fleurette, that word was spoken at the right time," said Henri, with beaming eye. "You have touched the right spot in my heart. Yes, Fleurette, God will indeed protect me and them, and I will have no more fear and anxiety. The hour is come, the boldest stroke

must be made, and I will venture everything. You stay here, Fleurette, and pray for us. You are a good child, and God will surely hear you."

"Yes, go, dear Henri, and I will pray for you. God is so good, he will never forsake you."

"I hope so, I believe so, I know so," replied Henri. "Farewell, Fleurette, you will see us all again soon."

He took his ticket and the passport he had secured, the day before, with so much difficulty, and went out. As usual, no hindrance was put in the way of his entrance into the prison, and he speedily found old Lafort among the numerous other prisoners.

"There you are, Henri," cried the old soldier, joyfully. "I thought you would not break your promised word, although the Count de Montbris had some doubts. I am heartily glad to see you once more before I die."

"Patience, Lafort; we have not reached the point of dying yet, and, by God's help, it is still some distance off. Where is the Count?"

"Here—behind this pillar, sound asleep," answered Lafort.

"There is no time for sleeping now; we must waken him," said Henri. "Quickly, shake his arm, he must wake up and follow me instantly."

"But he sleeps so sweetly, Henri, and sleep is so blessed. Perhaps the poor man is dreaming of the happy past, of being free and in safety. It is hard to tear him from his quiet slumbers to bring him back to this misery."

"Nevertheless, he must be wakened," said Henri, resolutely, stepping up to the Count. "Reality is better than the sweetest dreams, Lafort; besides—"

He had just leaned over the Count to waken him, when, suddenly, before the prison door, the monotonous sound of soldiers' steps, the noise of weapons, and the stern word of command, "Halt!"

Henri looked up despairingly, Lafort shrugged his shoulders.

"Too late!" said Lafort, calmly and quietly. "I knew it. The executioner is there with his guard, to carry off the offerings to the scaffold. There is no use now in rousing the Count. As long as those soldiers stand outside the door all exit is impossible. Let him sleep till all is over, they make but little delay in their horrible work."

Henri trembled, and a moment later the door sprang open, and the executioner, with several servants and a small detachment of soldiers, entered the dusky room. Great excitement was visible among the prisoners. Each knew

for what purpose the officers of the law had come; each one dreaded the fact of having his name on the list which the executioner held in his hand.

"Attention!" he cried. "Each one of you whose name I call, step forward."

A breathless, anxious silence followed these words. Now he began to read the names, slowly and distinctly, followed by many cries of pain and anguish, and the number of sacrifices which stepped forward and surrendered themselves to the guard of the executioner, became larger and larger.

Henri's heart was moved by the deepest pity and sympathy for the unfortunates who were to be taken from prison only to fall under the axe of the guillotine—but for himself, for Lafort, and even for the Count, he seemed to feel no fear.

But now his blood seemed to freeze in his veins, and a death-like paleness to overspread his countenance,—now rang out clearly and distinctly the name—"Count de Montbris!"

All was still, no answer came to the call, no man stepped forth.

"Count de Montbris!" again said the executioner impatiently, but with frightful clearness.

Again deep silence. Shudderingly Lafort and Henri looked in each others eyes. The

Count slept on, the most deep and tranquil slumber, and did not hear his name.

Now for the third time, with a wild execration, the executioner shrieked forth :

"Count de Montbris ! step forth,—or I will fetch you !"

"Here !" said a deep voice, and from behind a pillar a form moved into the light. Henri started, a cry of anguish passed his lips, his eyes seemed pushed from their sockets ; it was Lafort who had uttered the "Here !" who had offered himself for the Count, who still lay behind the pillar in the deep shadow, quietly sleeping. Henri was about to rush forward to hold Lafort back, but an earnest, steady, warning glance from the old soldier rooted him to his place. Tears rushed from his eyes, he felt faint, he saw and heard nothing more passing around him. Only the one frightful thought was present to him, that Lafort, his true and faithful friend must die, that he must inevitably fall under the stroke of the guillotine, if he could not snatch him from the grasp of the executioner before he left the prison walls. Once mounted on the death-wagon all was lost.

Already Henri was on the point of stepping forward to protest against the arrest of his friend, when the remembrance of the Count prevented him. If the executioner discovered

that he was not the true Count, but only a representative, what would become of the real Count and Fleurette's father? Naturally, they would search for him, find him, and lead him forth to suffer that death which Lafort so courageously offered to meet for him. Dreadful choice for poor Henri; he could save but one —which should it be?

"Merciful God," he stammered, wringing his hands in his agony; "Father in heaven give me strength and enlighten my understanding!"

And God had pity on the poor boy and gave him understanding. An idea shot, like a lightening flash through his soul, so bowed with dread and horror, and while the executioner was busy with his fearful roll-call, he stepped quickly up to the sleeping Count and shook him vigorously by the shoulder: "Get up and make no noise, Count," he whispered; "get up and follow me instantly!"

The Count, still half asleep and scarcely knowing what he did, obeyed Henri without a word of resistance.

Henri took him by the arm, slipped along under the shadow of the pillars, which hid them from the eye of the executioner, silently and speedily to the entrance. The door stood open; one step and Henri and the Count stood outside.

"Halt!" cried the sentinel, reaching out his bayonet. "No one passes here—back!"

Henri looked at the soldier, and with difficulty suppressed the cry of joy which arose to his lips, as he recognized the very same sentinel who had received orders from the jailor the night before to allow Henri to go out and in as he might desire.

"Put your sword in its scabbard comrade!" said Henri, boldly. "Look at me, do you know me, or must I send for the jailor again?"

"Oh! it is you, my friend," answered the soldier, drawing back his sword. "Yes, I remember you, you have a free pass—good-by!"

Henri did not loiter. With few steps he reached the street, dragging the Count after him.

"Now hurry, Count! You know my room, Rue Lacenaire, No. 70; you will find Fleurette there. I cannot go with you, for I have work to do here. Stay there and wait till I come. The All-merciful who has been my aid so far, will help me still farther. Now hurry to Fleurette."

There was no chance for the Count to say anything, for Henri pushed him impetuously away, and he, realizing the danger of his position, hastened off. Henri turned back courageously, his heart overflowing with grateful praise to God.

The reading of the death roll was not yet ended. Henri waited as patiently as he could till the last name was read, then, knowing that Count de Montbris must have reached shelter some time before, he stepped up boldly to Lafort:

"What is this?" he asked, as harshly and imperiously as he was able to. "Who has bound this man? Release him instantly! He is my friend, and a good patriot!"

"I think you must be out of your senses, fellow!" said the executioner, roughly. "Back with you, or—"

"Or what?" inquired Henri, sneeringly. "Respect to the name of Robespierre. Here is my ticket from him. I desire this man to be let loose instantly."

"But how can that be done?" said the executioner more politely, quite subdued by the sight of Robespierre's handwriting which Henri held boldly under his very nose. "This man is condemned."

"That is impossible," answered Henri. "He came here with me yesterday out of curiosity. We were belated, and he remained all night. Look at your list and see if you find anywhere the name of Lafort. That is this man's name; he is a brave soldier and my room-mate. I will vouch for him. Here is his passport, too. Read it for yourself."

The man took the passport, read it, and was evidently in a quandary.

"But who will guarantee that this man is really Lafort?" he inquired. "There is no such name, it is true, on my list, Still—"

"Pshaw! what is the use of arguing so long?" inquired Henri. "Call the jailor; he will answer for me."

The jailor was called and came immediately.

"Ah, it is you again, my son!" he said, as soon as he saw Henri. "What is the matter now?"

"It is about my friend Lafort," answered Henri. "You remember seeing him come in with me yesterday evening, probably; tell this gentleman here that he must let him have his liberty, or I will complain to Robespierre."

"Yes, my dear sir, the boy is right," said the jailor without hesitation; "I know him, and unless the name of Lafort is on your list, you had better let him go. He certainly is not one of my prisoners."

"All right! let the man go," ordered the executioner, angrily. "And now no more delays. We have already lost too much time. Forwards! prisoners in the middle! forwards! march!"

No one thought of Count de Montbris, nor did Henri or Lafort mention him. Henri went

out into the free air of heaven with his friend, and threw himself with a cry of joy into his arms.

"My boy," said the old soldier, "where is the Count?"

"Saved!" shouted Henri.

"But how, in heaven's name?"

"Only, as all has happened, by the mercy and goodness of God. Oh, Lafort, how true it is that whoso puts his trust in God shall never be confounded! To Him be honor, praise, glory and blessing! Come, my friend, at home you shall hear everything. Now my heart is too full. I must see the Count and Fleurette first. Oh, my God! how happy thou hast made me!"

The two friends went swiftly through the streets. When they reached home, they found the Count de Montbris and his little daughter in the sweetest embrace. With tears of happiness they were received, and certainly in no other house in Paris were four happier hearts to be found than those which beat with warm love and thankfulness in Father Lafort's poor and narrow room.

Five or six weeks after these occurrences, the Count de Montbris, Fleurette, Lafort, Henri, and the worthy pastor from Chamounix, sat comfortably together, in a splendid room in

the noble castle of Thioncourt in Savoy. Henri had just concluded an account of his life and adventures in Paris, when the pastor, grasping his hand, said:

"My brave lad, how thankful I am that your firm belief in God has never faltered, and that the good teachings of your dead grandmother have never been forgotten. But tell me, how did you succeed in leaving Paris, and reaching this place?"

"That was easy enough," said Henri. "The Count used the permit with Lafort's name and crossed the boundary with post horses; Lafort and I needed no pass, for we were too poor looking to attract observation. We came on foot—he with his wooden leg, and I with my ink-wagon, through France, and we were not stopped or questioned a single time. So here we are, and though I have not saved enough money to build a house, as I intended to, I won't complain, but thank God and ask for His further aid which He will be sure to give."

"Yes, that He will," said Count de Montbris with deep emotion, folding the boy in his arms. "You and Lafort shall never leave me. I am rich enough for all, and henceforth Fleurette shall be your sister and Lafort my true friend and brother. You have done so much for us

in self-sacrifice, in faithful love and confidence, that I cannot do otherwise than count you both as members of my family, and give you in return my heartiest love. Give us your hand, Henri, my son. Give us your hand, my worthy Lafort! nothing shall separate us now, but death!"

Willingly and with deep joy, Henri and Lafort took the proffered hand of the Count. Fleurette embraced her new brother, whom she already loved so tenderly; while the good pastor, with clasped hands and eyes lifted towards heaven, said:

"Verily, verily, it is good to trust in the Lord! for whoso believes in Him, shall find that He ever performs all He has promised."

"Amen," said the other, and for many long years they lived together in happiness and peace, in love and entire confidence.